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PERSONAL.

Mr. J. A. Wineberger is back from his visit to the Carriage Builders' Convention in New York looking like a young man.

Messrs. F. J. Diendonne & Son are now located at No. 414 7th street N. W., in more roomy quarters than they had at 11th and F streets. They now have a model drug store, with plenty of room, and since they are the leaders in the matter of low prices our readers will look them up. They have a grand opening today.

LEARN TO MAKE DRESSES

At the Eclectic School of Dress Cutting and Fitting, Day and evening classes. Dress and Wrap Patterns cut to measure from imported models. Mrs. C. STRATTON, Principal, 1320 G St. N. W.

JUST STOP FINKIN'.

A little three-year-old girl who was tired of play and was restless because she had nothing to do pulled all the buns from a fuchsia that promised to become very beautiful in a few days. Her mother chided her for it.

"But, mamma, I didn't do it," protested the child.

"Oh, yes, you did—I know you did. There was nobody else here who could have done it. Besides, I see the green stains on your fingers."

The child regarded her fingers rather seriously. The evidence was too convincing.

"Yes, mamma," she said, "I did pull off the buds."

Then the mother spoke of the distress she felt that her little girl had told her an untruth. She quite touched the child's heart and brought tears to her eyes. The mother also was crying before she got through.

"Oh, my little girl," she said, "you have always been so truthful. I can hardly realize that you have told me a falsehood. It will distress me whenever I think of it."

"Then, mamma," said the sympathetic little philosopher, putting her arms around her mother's neck, "if you just stop finkin' about it the distress will go away. An' I won't fink about it ever!"

The Camphor Tree.

The camphor tree (*Cinnamomum camphora*) is an evergreen, a member of the laurel family, belonging to the same genus as the tree whose bark furnishes the spice called cinnamon, and is related to the bay and to the sassafras of the United States. Of symmetrical proportions, it is one of the noblest objects in the forests of eastern subtropical Asia. In its native habitat it attains gigantic dimensions, notably in girth of trunk, some specimens measuring ten to fifteen feet in diameter. It is said they have been known to reach as much as twenty feet, and they may be sixty to over 100 feet high, and live to a great age. As a rule they rise twenty or thirty feet without limbs, and then branch out in all directions, becoming a mass of splendid and luxuriant foliage. Their leaves, broadly lanceolate in form, are of a light green color, smooth and shining above, and whitish or glaucous on the under surface. Small white or greenish white flowers are borne from February to April, and by October ripen into berrylike, one-seeded fruits about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.—Good Words.

TOM BROWN'S ORIGINAL.

Few books are better known among English-speaking boys than "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." Thomas Arnold, Jr., was at Rugby when Thomas Hughes, the Tom Brown of the school life, was a pupil there, and in "Passages in a Wandering Life" gives his recollections of the boys' hero.

Tom Hughes at 15 was tall for his age; his long, thin face, his sandy hair, his length of limb and his spare frame gave him a lankiness of aspect which was the cause, I suppose, of the boys giving him the extraordinary nickname of "executioner."

No name could be less appropriate, for there was nothing inhuman or morose or surly in his looks, and still less in his disposition; the temper of a bully was utterly alien from him, and he was always cheerful and gay, young friend.

ATHLETICS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Less Training at the Colleges Then Than in the Present Time.

It is a constantly recurring question whether college athletics does more harm than good and with the opening of another year the whole ground will be doubtless traversed once more. Perhaps one reason why a more definite conclusion has not been reached is that athletics does not mean the same thing to all persons. The student who is made to carefully observe his diet, to undergo a particular course of training and treatment, who is made to gather up all his present resources and even discount his future in order to be just in condition to meet a given and unusual demand upon him in a given time, is no doubt an athlete, and perhaps the one who will figure most conspicuously in the public eye and win most enviable laurels for the time being; but so also is he who exercises vigorously and systematically for the benefit of his body, as he studies in like manner for the benefit of his mind; who aims to broaden and deepen the vital currents, and not dam them up to be drawn upon for a special purpose and exhausted when that purpose is accomplished.

This is not saying that the athletics having special reference to strenuous inter-collegiate contests may not be a benefit to our colleges without seriously injuring in the long run those who take part in them, but the purposes in the two forms of athletics are not identical. When a young man devotes a reasonable amount of attention and regular periods to the development of his body, he is not likely to overstep the line that divides safety from excess. When he is engaged in a contest which involves his own reputation or that of his class or college or all three, he is like Horatius at the bridge; he spares nothing. The point of prudence is a dead point in his vision.

A member of the Yale class of '53—a famous class by the way, both physically and mentally—has compiled some statistics showing that after the lapse of almost a half century, the survivors number 46.29 per cent. of the whole, while of the twenty-seven students who took part in the Yale-Harvard boat race, 55.55 per cent. survive, a very excellent showing considering that these former athletes must now average above the psalmist's three score and ten. But the Sanitarian, which discusses this record, will not admit that it affords justification of the training methods of to-day. It says that "in the earlier days college athletics had more of nature and spontaneity and less of science and artificiality. There were no hired trainers, but the boys prepared for their races in a sensible way and did not faint in their boat, or go to pieces through nervous strain or curl up and cry hysterically when beaten."

If no injustice has been done in this implied contrast, then college athletics, meaning thereby the kind that is directed exclusively toward intercollegiate contests, has undergone degeneration so far as its effect upon the individual is concerned, however much it may raise the records. But in the broader sense athletics has won a place as a part of educational economy that cannot be taken away. It is bound to broaden and be accorded more honor and value than even at the present time. It recognizes a feature of development which has been sadly neglected in previous generations. It is making stronger and better equipped men and particularly is it making stronger and better equipped women. Those who proceed according to a rational system and with a rational and permanent purpose ought to furnish fifty years hence even higher records than that which now distinguishes the Yale class of 1853.—Boston Transcript.

When Orators Are at Their Best.

Among orators there can be no doubt that it is between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five that their special endowments have secured for them their highest triumphs. Demosthenes, whose ambition was early kindled, did not deliver his greatest speech—De Corona—which has been described as the most magnificent vindication in the annals of oratory, until he was fifty-two.

Burke, whose training was desultory, astonished the House of Commons by his speech on American affairs when he was thirty-six, but only achieved his masterpiece, his impeachment of Warren Hastings—an effort of eloquence unparalleled in its energy and effect, and which must have exhausted his speech centres, for it left him at one point deprived of the power of articulation for a little while—when he was in his fifty-eighth year.

Curran, of whom Byron said: "He has spoken more poetry than I have ever written," made his most brilliant speeches in the State trials in which he appeared between his forty-fourth and forty-seventh years. And John Bright, whose fiery declamation on behalf of the Anti-Corn Law League began in his twenty-eighth year, may be said to have exhibited his control over language in its finest perfection in speeches delivered subsequent to his election for Birmingham, when he was forty-six.

On this subject Barnett Smith says: "I have heard all the greatest speeches of the greatest orators of my time—parliamentary, pulpit and platform speakers—Butt, Love, Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, Derby, Parnell, Gough—and all had their most splendid period from forty-five to fifty-five years of age. In the case of Gladstone, some of his greatest orations were delivered when he was between fifty-five and sixty."—Tit-Bits.

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LAST OF THE BOLIVARS.

Death of a Nephew of the Great South American Liberator.

When we turn our eyes through the lens of South American history and recall that bloody struggle for independence, we behold the shadows of many deathless heroes, whose steps along the corridors of time have left a trailing light of glory behind them. Such a cluster of noble patriots include Miranda, Paez, Sucre, Monagas, Bermudez, Falcon, Vargas, and Simon Bolivar, whose names will live in imperishable grandeur as long as the human heart can cherish deeds of valor and sentiments of unalloyed patriotism. But by far the most eminent and foremost man of that period and the one who infused his lofty individuality among all his followers, was General Simon Bolivar, who has ever since been known as the Liberator—the Washington of South America. And well has he won such fame, as the idol of his people, the admired hero of Europe and America, the conqueror of Spain, the liberator of half a continent, and the founder of five nations. By the strange fergiversations of Latin-American politics, and the rivalries and jealousies of smaller men, the great Liberator, within two years after his successes, found himself an exile—an outcast from the nations he had created. In the sadness and humiliation of exile he passed his days, dying at Santa Marta in 1830. A tardy reversion of national feeling succeeded, and twelve years later, his remains were brought back to Caracas, and amid the greatest pomp he was laid to rest in the pantheon of his native city. The last direct relative of the Liberator, bearing his family name, has just died in Caracas, at the extreme age of ninety-one years. He was Don Fernando Simon Santiago Bolivar y Palacios, the son of Colonel Juan Vicente Bolivar y Palacios, the only brother of General Bolivar (this brother being lost at sea while conducting a filibustering expedition during the patriot wars). Don Fernando lived until the time of his death in an unpretentious quarter of Caracas, in a very ordinary house, sparsely furnished, which could in no particular give an impression of the large wealth he is reputed to have left. He was extremely infirm, feeble and palsied, requiring constant attention, as his helplessness was so complete during the last years that his food had to be raised to his mouth by another. Through the influence of such physical weakness, long confinement, and the drooping energies and faculties of extreme old age, his mind was naturally weakened, and, as unfortunately often occurs with the aged, this beclouded condition was manifest in an intense bitterness against all who were directly or remotely related to him.—Venezuela Herald.

All for Love.

The Lake of Geneva is celebrated for its swans. Two of these birds were observed to be greatly attached to each other, being inseparable companions. Their devotion was pointed out to visitors. Recently the park authorities introduced to the lake a young female swan of great beauty to whom the male that had so long been noted for his conjugal fidelity immediately transferred his affections. The deserted female swan shortly afterward committed suicide by beating its brains out against the quay. The body of the unfortunate bird has been stuffed and placed in the Geneva museum.—Detroit Free Press.

Vitality of Typhoid Germs.

Typhoid germs retain their vitality for many weeks; in garden earth twenty-one days; in filter sand, eighty-two days; in dust of the street, thirty days; on linen, sixty to seventy days on wood, thirty-two days; in ice, a year or more.

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QUICK RESULTS.

N. Studer's seasonable announcement on 8th page appeared for the first time in our issue of Saturday, Nov. 3, 1900, and the responses were so prompt that on Tuesday, Nov. 6, he wrote the editor as follows:

Anacostia, D. C., Nov. 6, 1900.

Dear Sir:—Come over to-morrow. People want already more information in regard to varieties of stock, hence I will have to alter the adv.

Yours,

N. STUDER.

On Wednesday he ordered a much larger display adv., which will appear next week. Any square business man, who has something to offer that suburban people want, can use these columns to his financial advantage.

...THE LETTER...

Mr. W. A. Hahn,

Prop. Hahn's Reliable Dye House,

705 Ninth street, N. W.

Dear Sir:—We find you have been advertising in our columns constantly since July, 1890, when this paper was established.

You are the only business man who was with us then and still remains with us and since you have been advertising in our columns continuously for a period of more than ten years we naturally have a curiosity to know how well you are satisfied with the publicity we have given you.

Respectfully yours,

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

THE REPLY.

Editor Suburban Citizen.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your request I will say I am very well satisfied with results from my adv. in your paper. The fact of my adv. being in your paper for over ten years speaks for itself.

Respectfully,

W. A. HAHN,

705 Ninth street N. W.

DETECTIVE DEDUCTION.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., Again Shows What He Can Do.

"Aha!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes, Jr. His companion started as one who is recovering from a fit, and asked: "What is it?" "Did you notice the man who passed us just now?" There he is looking at the pictures in the window of that news store. "What about him?" "He is the father of a little child. His wife has to take care of the baby, because they can't afford to keep a nurse girl, and once he ran a needle under his thumb nail." "Who is he?" "I haven't heard his name. Until he passed us a moment ago I was not aware that there was such a person as he in existence." "Now, Sherlock, don't try to make me believe that you are not gifted with a mysterious power of some kind that enables you to fathom things which are forever hidden from the knowledge of other people. I believe you are the seventh son of a seventh son or something of that kind. I almost feel creepy when I am in your company." "My dear fellow," the great amateur detective answered, "you are foolish to permit yourself to entertain such absurd notions concerning me. I am not supernatural, honestly I'm not. I was born near Scrubgrass, Pa., of poor parents, who were too ignorant to understand that it was foolish to work when there are so many people waiting to be worked. No, it is simply my wonderful power of deduction that enables me to make these discoveries. Just one little thing about this man tells me what I have disclosed to you concerning him. He can't afford to hire a nurse girl, and he is the father of a little child. How do I know this? If he didn't have to count the pennies he would have his clothes kept in good condition by some tailor." "Very well, but how do you know he has a young child and that his wife takes care of it?" "One of his suspenders is fastened to his trousers with a safety pin. You see it is plain enough. If his wife didn't have to take care of the baby she would sew a button on for him, and without a baby in the house there would be no loose safety pins for him to get hold of. The fact that he once ran a needle under his thumb nail keeps him from sewing the button on himself." A pretty young woman who wore one of these thin shirt waists, which have a tendency to sag passed then, and Mr. Holmes hurried after her to make further deductions.—Chicago Record-Herald.

W. W. GRIFFITH,

..DEALER IN...

WOOD AND COAL,

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I make a specialty of delivering coal in Langdon, Benning, Kenilworth and other suburbs at city prices.

All orders promptly filled on short notice.

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Having fully learned my trade with the late Anton Fischer, I am prepared to restore the most delicate fabrics equal to new, or dye any shade or color to suit my customers. Injuries to fabrics are unknown, owing to my secret process of treating them and the absolute care that is exercised in handling garments and goods.

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